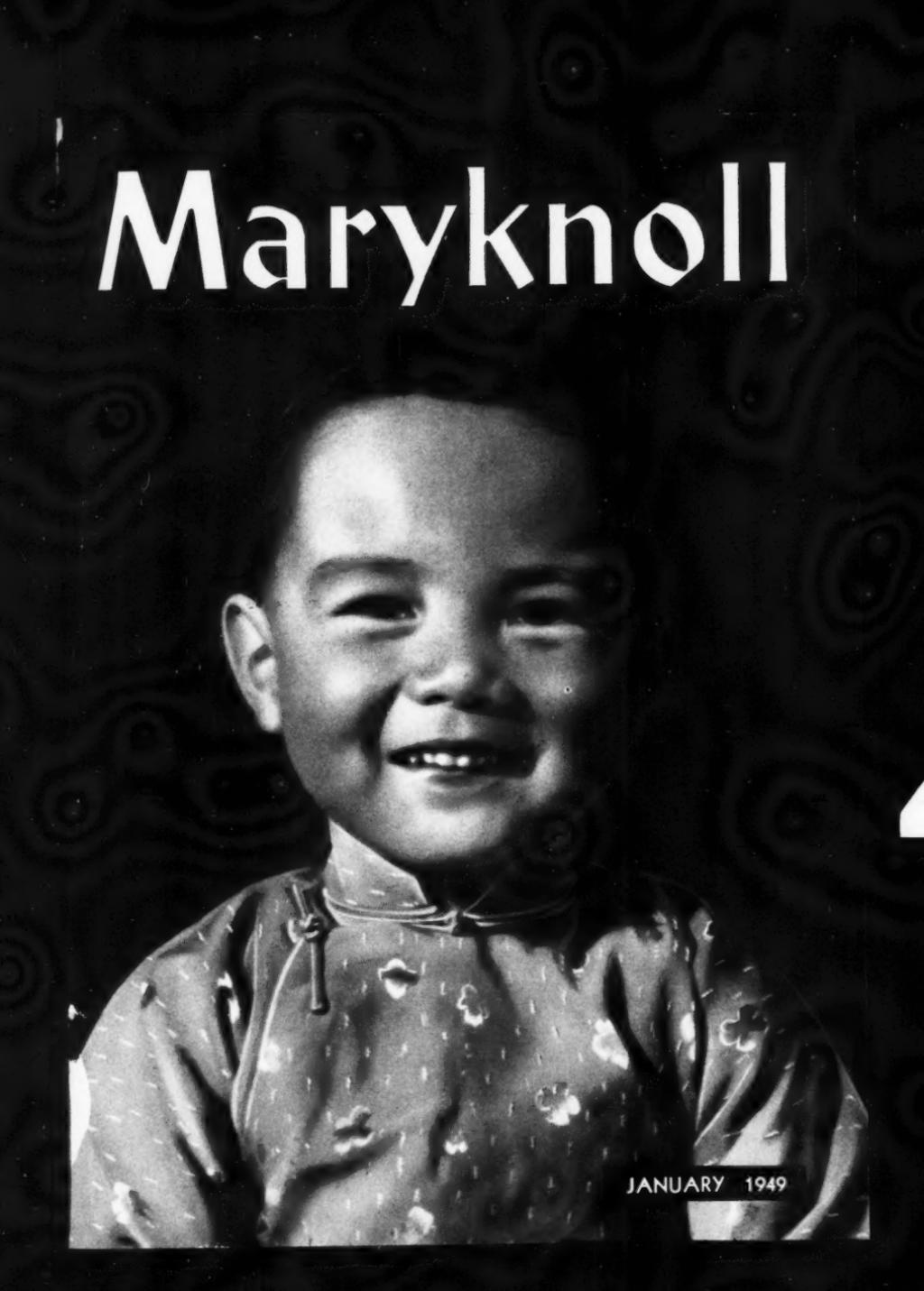


Maryknoll



JANUARY 1949



PRECIOUS WATER — Baby couldn't be expected to know that water is so precious in sun-baked Yucatan. When the Maryknoller visits the isolated Mayan villages, he slakes his thirst from the cool depths of a clay jar.





The Miracle of Giving



Big dividends
for vegetables
and fish
by Clement Hansan

Japanese who have
a little, show great
enthusiasm in giving
to those in want.

ON COMING to St. Francis Xavier Church in Kyoto, Father Leo Steinbach enlisted the help of many part-time workers among the new Christians. Father labored for many years among the Japanese in Korea, but with barren results. These of post-war Japan are on fire with zeal. Many new converts here personally instruct other neophytes, after they themselves have received Baptism.

For many months, the St. Vincent de Paul Society has been feeding twelve hundred families on Saturday of each week. Newspaper accounts of this charitable work make almost a weekly appearance in the Japanese papers. In an effort to secure food for such

a large number of people, Father makes weekly forays into the country, in all directions within a thirty-mile radius of Kyoto.

The response has been remarkable. Each week tons of food and charcoal and wood and fish flow into the church hall, as free gifts to the poor of the city. Not only have the country people given generously; in each case, the fact of their giving has opened up channels of grace in their hearts, in such fashion that now many villages are asking for instruction.

Recently one village head was accused of being a bit "touched" because of his complete and constant enthusiasm for the Catholic Church. He did not worry in the least about what the good neighbors had to say about him; he was convinced that he had discovered something wonderfully worth while. Now he is studying the doctrine, in company with several other leading villagers.

A letter came recently from the wife of a doctor, who lived in a large village some thirty miles away. The woman was sick and wished to know something about the Catholic Church. On his weekly visit to the country, to solicit food, Father Steinbach answered the woman's request for a call.

As he approached the house, Father was met by the doctor, who

immediately refused him entrance. The priest was slightly taken aback, but then he decided that, as the woman was ill and wished to see him, he would go in. He found the inquirer

to be an invalid suffering from a lingering disease. After imparting a brief instruction, Father gave the woman a catechism.

When he left the house, the priest began to wonder about the consequences of his visit. Surely, after arousing the displeasure of such an influential man as the doctor, he could not expect to receive any gifts from the village for his many poor people in the city. At the local Agriculture Office, Father made his request for food briefly, and departed with a heavy heart.

At the usual time on the following Saturday, hungry people of Kyoto were lined up for blocks, awaiting the distribution of food. Imagine Father's surprise, when a large truck filled to overflowing pushed its way through the crowd! It came from the doctor's village, and was just in time to satisfy the need.

One friend brings another, and thus the Church grows in Kyoto. A young woman named Kimiko had been attending instruction at St. Francis Xavier Church for some months. Natsue-san, her next-door neighbor and high-school chum, was aware of the fact and noticed a

change in her. Previously, Kimiko had been unsettled, slightly nervous and given to periods of near despondency. But later there was a constant glow of energy and life and hope about her at all times. Natsue decided to go and see for herself just what this guiding force stemmed from. Quickly appreciative, she became a zealous catechumen and in due time received Baptism.

The war had earlier left its effect on Natsue-san. Worry and lack of sufficient food had allowed tuberculosis to get a firm hold on her system. Shortly after receiving Baptism, she became bedridden, and in a few weeks' time she died. Her death was a holy one, and before it came she begged her father to study and embrace the Catholic Faith.

Recently there was a bad week for the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Saturday was near, and we had no fish for the twelve hundred poor families who would surely come.

A new fish company had been started the previous week, and Father Steinbach decided as a last chance to go and see the manager. As the priest entered the office, the face of the man behind the desk lighted up with a big smile.

"Hello, Father! What can we do for you today?" he queried in a kindly voice.

"Oh, it is you — Natsue's Father! Well, you know us. We are always begging! Is there any chance of getting fish for our poor this week?"

"Of course, Father! I was just wondering when you would pay us a visit. We feel it a privilege to help in such a great work."

Thus, thanks to the dead Natsue-san, another week's worry was ended.

In Kyoto the charitable work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society seems to bring into the Church not only the poor people, but also the well-to-do families who have been instrumental in helping the poor.

Padre Serra and His Chickens

An Indian woman stole chickens from Father Junipero Serra, the celebrated Franciscan missioner of early California. Both he and his Indian helper knew the thief, but Father Serra let the matter pass.

Years later the woman returned. She asked for medicine and clothes. "It is cold!" she said. Father Serra took a blanket from his bed and gave it to her.

The Indian helper stared at the priest in astonishment. "But that is the woman who stole your chickens!"

"I know," said the great missioner quietly. "I was afraid I had not forgiven her. Now I feel more certain that I have."



My Home in the Marble M

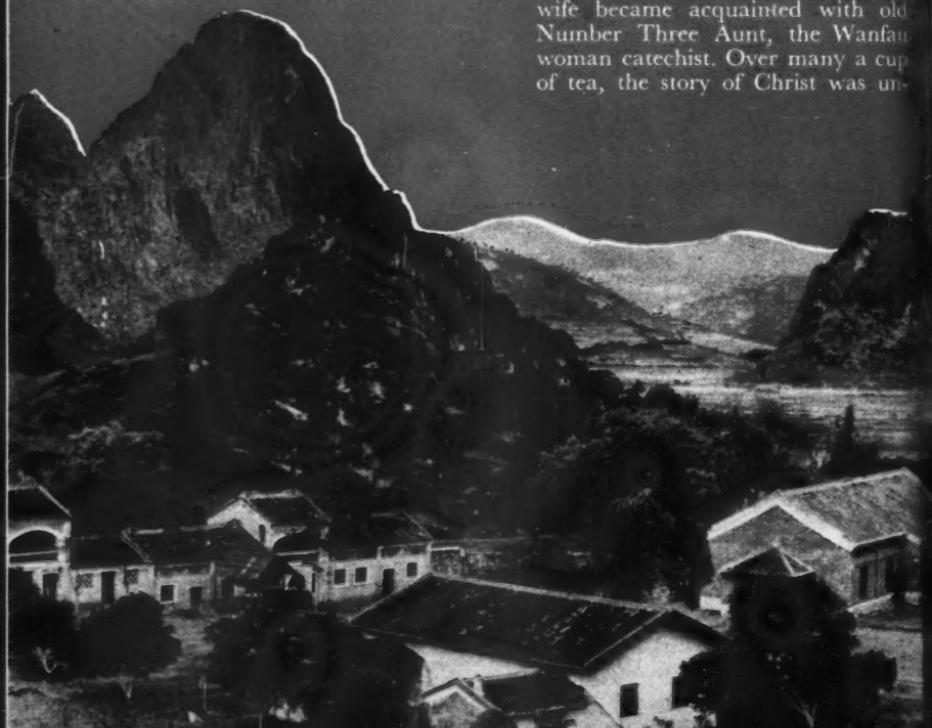
A PHOTO IMPRESSION by James E. Fitzgerald

WANFAU has a great deal of physical charm, set as it is amid the Marble Mountains, which are among China's scenic wonders. But it is the people who make Wanfau live.

There is the mayor, a friendly individual, devoted to his wife and child. There is Miss Mo, the town schoolteacher, who was a classmate

of Joseph, my young catechist. She is vivacious and intelligent, but her interest in religion is casual. She attends Mass with Catholic friends, but when she visits the mission, it is principally to wheedle from me some of my precious yellow roses — the only ones in the district.

A frequent visitor to our mission is Mr. Tang, proprietor of the local book-and-stationery shop and a well-educated gentleman. His mother and wife became acquainted with old Number Three Aunt, the Wanfau woman catechist. Over many a cup of tea, the story of Christ was un-



The Mountains

folded, and the two women decided that they must enter the Church. Only then did we discover that Mr. Tang is a Protestant. He made no objection to the decision of his mother and wife to become Catholics, but



At right: The mayor's wife and husky child.



At left: General view of Father Fitzgerald's charming mission station in Wanfau, at the base of the Marble Mountains.



while he reads out literature and says that ours is an admirable doctrine, he does not at present accept it.

"My Protestant friends would say that my women folk were leading me around by the nose!" he remarks.

For disposition, Mr. Tang rates high. He even made a special trip the other day to ask me to have my picture taken with him — by my camera, of course!

At left: Joseph, our catechist, and a few small reasons why he wants a raise in his salary. Below: Some of our good humor in Wanfau.



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Despite the beautiful scenery, we have poverty and wretchedness in Wanfau. Here is one of our sampan women, her hand out for a hand-out. Thanks to American friends, our mission has aided the war sufferers.

THE END

African Death Customs

The Man of the Family Dies

by Joseph M. Glynn

THE FUNERAL is without doubt the greatest pagan ceremony of the Luo tribes, among whom we are working here in Tanganyika. The funeral of a man who is the head of a family is the most impressive.

As soon as the death of the head of the family is announced, all members of the household start to cry. Then neighbors gather about the dead man and join the chorus of wails. Even the village's cows are brought in from the fields to stand by the bier, where they are supposed to weep.

There are no professional wailers here, as there are in China and other parts of the Far East. Here the mourners are strictly amateur, and they go about their job with the zeal of amateurs.

The grave is dug by the sons or brothers of the deceased. The diggers discard their clothes while performing this task. The body, wrapped in cloth or skins, is placed in the grave, with the face towards the rising sun. The grave is half filled with earth; then the personal belongings of the dead man are placed in the grave, and more earth is added to complete the filling.

A sheep and a rooster are killed on top of the grave, as a sacrifice. From the sheep's skin, bracelets are made, to be worn by the relatives of the deceased.

When a husband dies, his widow

remains in the village. She is not allowed to shave her head, as do the rest of the women here, but must let her hair grow during a six-month period as a sign of sorrow. During this period the widow must lament every morning at the grave.

When the six months have passed, there is a feast in the village. Then an heir of the deceased — usually the dead man's brother, half brother, or cousin, preferably a polygamist and always a married man — takes the widow as his concubine. The new husband shaves the widow's head, and the period of lamentation is considered finished.

On the birth of the first child of the new union, the father must make a sacrifice to his new son and also to the deceased husband. A goat is killed, and its excrement is mixed with grass, water, and native medicine. Then the concoction is put into the man's mouth and blown out towards the sun. The meat of the goat is eaten.

Pieces of the goat's skin are made into bracelets for the newborn child and its parents. These bracelets must be worn until they disintegrate, or, according to native belief, great evil will occur. Luos say that, if the mother does not wear her bracelet, she will become barren and her child will die; if the child does not wear his, he will die.



The CHAMP
from
- BROOKLYN

by Francis X. Lyons

Guayaquil has its Grover Whalen

FATHER Thomas F. Wynne, from Brooklyn, is Maryknoll's ambassador of good will to Ecuador. This six-foot, one-hundred-and-eighty-five-pound priest is a youngish, though slightly graying, "Grover Whalen," with a ready smile and friendly greeting for all whom he meets. His personal friends number half the population of Guayaquil; I doubt if there are more than ten persons in the city who haven't heard of "Padre Ween."

In the first place, Father Wynne is Ecuador's national handicap champion in golf. Under other circumstances, this distinction might seem a doubtful one for a missioner; but in the present case, it was acquired in the line of duty. Five years ago, the Bishop of Guayaquil, in an effort to secure closer contact between the Church and the youth of his diocese, gave his blessing to

Father Wynne and figuratively sent the latter forth with a baseball bat in one hand and a basketball in the other. Golf clubs were added later.

In a short time, Father Wynne was pitching every Saturday and leading his team to Sunday Mass the next day. At almost any hour of the week, he could be found in the middle of a group of husky youths, trying to translate Brooklynese into its Spanish equivalent. When this missioner added basketball to his schedule, the procession of his stalwarts to Mass on Sunday took on the proportions of a small Eucharistic Congress!

At about that time, the South American countries decided to hold their international basketball tournament in Guayaquil. The Ecuadorian Government sent out a call for players to form a national team, and appointed a coach to whip it into

shape. Padre Wynne was the man selected. With tact, skill, and patience, Father molded his raw material into a team that, although it did not win the tournament, left the Ecuadorian people proud of their boys.

For a while, Father Tom had been contract chaplain to an American Army base near by, but eventually the Bishop decided to make him pastor of a small river town called Quevedo. There he joined Father Bernard F. Ryan, of Chicago, and began working for the youth of the town. The two Padres hired the local motion-picture theater and staged the region's first boxing matches; they talked the pueblo's officials into building a basketball court for the boys; and they persuaded the local doctor to finance the construction of a tennis court.

Last year Father Wynne's vacation coincided with the national golf tournament. Despite the fact that he had never played the game until after his arrival in Ecuador, and then only on infrequent trips to Guayaquil, he proceeded once again

Every Day of 1949

Maryknollers at home and abroad will pray for our benefactors, living and dead. This is our best expression of gratitude to you.

to make headlines. The Bishop, reading the morning paper, had occasion to smile complacently and nod approval of his "champ" from Brooklyn.

Because Ecuador is a land where priests have had little opportunity to maintain direct contact with youths, the good that has resulted from the sports activities of Father Wynne cannot be overestimated. Boys the world over respect athletic prowess and form themselves into the image of their champions. Ecuadorian lads are no exception. They are even imitating the good Padre's own brand of Brooklynese!

Yes, the influence of Father Tom has gone a long way. Recently Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Maryknoll's Superior General, met a young, athletic Ecuadorian at a reception in New York City.

The first question the youth put to the Bishop was, "Your Excellency, how is Padre Ween?"

The Padre is very well, Juan, and very busy. Any day now we expect to hear that he has flooded the stadium and started ice-hockey!



THIS MONTH'S COVER

The Chinese lad on our cover this month is as bright and as fresh as the New Year. He comes from a well-to-do-family and he can face the future with confidence. However, few Chinese possess sufficient of this world's goods for an easy existence. The great mass of China's population is in urgent, desperate need. Our cover boy's future might well be contrasted with the future that faces the youngsters in the article on the next page. There we find children without opportunity or hope.

by Joseph P. Lavin



HUNGER

"**M**AY I HAVE a ticket to the rice kitchen, please, Father?" Father James Smith turned to look at his questioner. He saw a wisp of a girl, about seven years old. Her long, black hair was matted with dirt and bits of straw; her face and hands were caked with grime; her clothes were tattered; her little bare feet were sunk in the mud of the courtyard.

Weary from hours of passing out congee to the famine-stricken people, Father Smith answered: "No tickets for children. Your mother or father will have to get one for you."

"But I have no mother or father. And I'm starving!"

Slowly the little girl started to walk away. Suddenly she stopped. Father Smith saw her foot pawing in the mud. Then quickly the child bent over. Her tiny hand groped in the

Starvation
becomes an
indescribable word

thick ooze of the courtyard and emerged with a fish head — a remnant of refuse that had somehow been dropped there. Immediately, with the fierceness that comes from the pains of hunger, the girl began gnawing at the mud-caked fish head.

Father Smith went over to the girl and pressed a ticket in her hand. Then he turned and hurried into the house, unable to speak, and feeling nauseated because of the drama he had just witnessed.

Starvation! Who can find words

to describe it? To understand it even remotely, a person needs to live in the midst of it as we have lived in China. You would have to have hunger daily knocking at your door, as happened to us in Toishan. You would need to try and alleviate the results of famine with food, medicine, clothing, and shelter, as we strove to do.

What horrors we must witness! People forced to sell their clothes, fields, homes, and finally their children. Living skeletons wandering over the countryside in search of food. Children with bloated stomachs, dull and sunken eyes, yellow skin drawn tautly over protruding bones, pitifully moaning as they search refuse heaps for scraps of food.

In the city of Toishan during the last famine, the average death rate was fifty people a day. On one day,

SPECIAL FUND

To be hungry hurts just as much in Asia, as in America or Europe. Our Lord knowing it ordered us to feed the hungry. From the Maryknoll Charity Fund our missionaries feed tens of thousands of starving folks. Your donation to the Fund will make you their partner.



102 emaciated corpses were picked up from the city's streets. Entire families of from five to ten persons were wiped out.

In the vicinity of Toishan, twenty-five congee kitchens were opened, for free distribution. The size of the kitchen depended upon the population and the need.

Congee is a native dish consisting of rice gruel, to which have been added salt, peanut oil, and bits of vegetables, pork or beef. The ingredients are boiled together, in large kettles, and the congee is served with a scoop. Each hungry applicant receives ten ounces in a bowl.

Help for the stricken people came from many sources. The Red Cross, United China Relief, United Nations Relief, and other organizations, sent supplies of wheat, rice, canned goods, and clothing. Maryknoll's Fathers John Joyce, Francis O'Neill, Joseph Farnen, and Joseph Sweeney assisted untiringly. Reverend Mr. Mills, a Protestant missionary from Canada, did remarkable work. Misses Mary and Agnes Chan, Mr. Chue, and Mr. Tsui co-operated generously in behalf of their own people.

The congee kitchens supplied more than a quarter million meal tickets during the recent famine. In Hoingan we started to feed two hundred people and worked up to a thousand. After signs were posted throughout the district, informing the starving residents that we would distribute meal tickets, there was a stampede on our center. It took three days to make the distribution. Each ticket was good for one month; after that period of time, it could be renewed

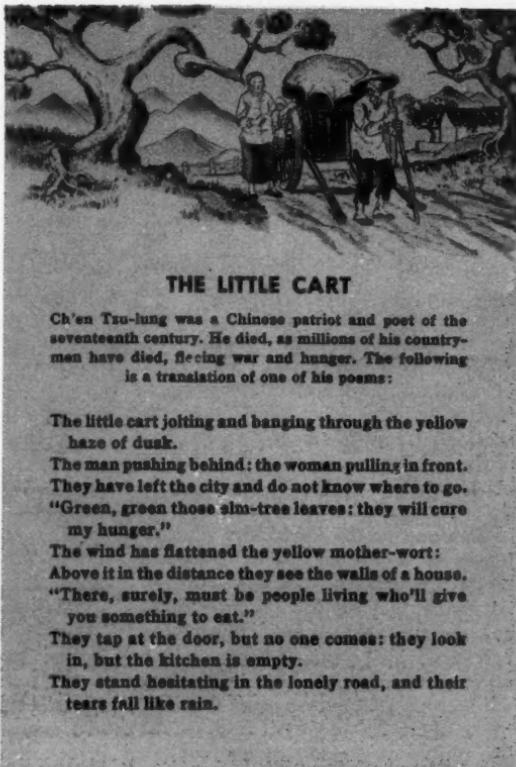
if the need continued.

Although the congee was served at one o'clock in the afternoon, many people began lining up before dawn. It took about two hours to serve the crowd. The congee had to be eaten at the kitchen, because otherwise some applicants would sell the congee or the ticket. At times, instead of congee, we served plain rice. Children received eight ounces of rice; the older people, ten. As funds dwindled, we cut this measure to six ounces.

Our Hoigan orphanage cared for about a hundred children. We had to refuse admission to other hundreds. It was heartbreaking to turn those starving boys and girls away, but we did not have the funds to buy the necessary food for them. At times we found that we were penniless. Often we had to borrow money and rice to keep our mission operating.

During the terrible Toishan famine, our district, too, experienced the pangs of hunger. Money was scarce, and the price of rice was exorbitant. In May we were able to feed our orphans only six ounces of rice in the morning and two ounces

of congee at night; in June the orphans got only four ounces of congee a day. Those were starvation rations, but we could give nothing else. It is heartbreaking to watch youngsters in your care growing thinner and thinner. It is saddening to see them going down to the ocean each day, looking for seaweed for food. But that is what famine causes. Only this type of experience will impress the meaning of starvation.



THE LITTLE CART

Ch'en Tsu-lung was a Chinese patriot and poet of the seventeenth century. He died, as millions of his countrymen have died, fleeing war and hunger. The following is a translation of one of his poems:

The little cart jolting and banging through the yellow haze of dusk.
The man pushing behind: the woman pulling in front.
They have left the city and do not know where to go.
"Green, green those slim-tree leaves: they will cure
my hunger."
The wind has flattened the yellow mother-wort:
Above it in the distance they see the walls of a house.
"There, surely, must be people living who'll give
you something to eat."
They tap at the door, but no one comes: they look in, but the kitchen is empty.
They stand hesitating in the lonely road, and their
tears fall like rain.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Reading over again, for the third or fourth time, Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock*, I was impressed with her ability to understand and to interpret the spirit of a people and the atmosphere of places. It is interesting that a non-Catholic has written so surely and sympathetically of two outstanding examples of Catholic mission endeavor in North America — of our southwest in *Death Comes to the Archbishop*, and of the Quebec country in this second book.

In *Shadows on the Rock*, Miss Cather leaves us a fine record of Quebec's piety. She describes the attraction of All Souls' Day for the *Quebecois*. One can see the Old Bishop ringing the bell of the cathedral at three o'clock on the morning of All Souls' Day, while the people on the "Rock" make their way to attend Mass for the repose of the souls who had left them.

There is something particularly attractive to missionaries and their flocks in this devotion. On All Souls' Day, every year, in Fushun, Manchuria, we had a Pontifical Mass and a procession to the cemetery. The people loved it, and the attendance was always good.

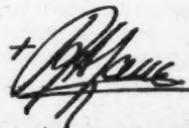
Devotion to the Holy Family, also, was very dear to the hearts of the *Quebecois*. Who knows but that this may account for the fact that nowhere on the American continent is

there a better Catholic family life? It is a great consolation to a missionary, to realize that what he sows in toil and sweat often grows to an abundant harvest. The people of Quebec carried their devotions with them from Normandy and other parts of France. They gave them to the Indians.

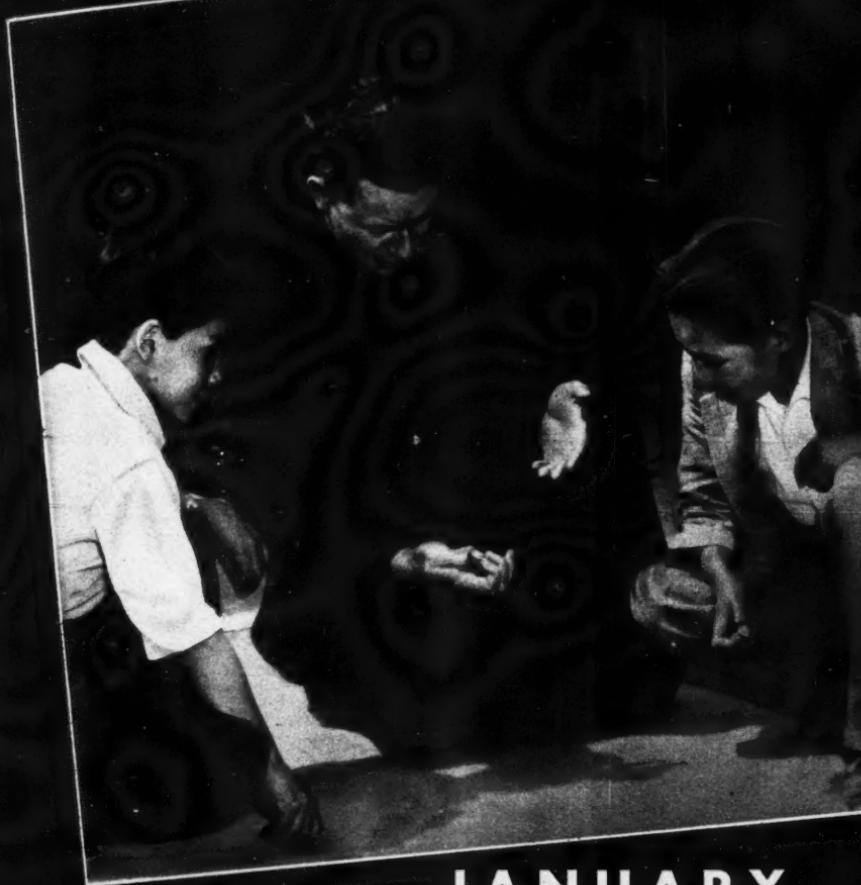
History repeats itself today. Catholics of the United States and of the wonderful Catholic land about "the Rock" have built strong homes for themselves. Now, from among their families, numerous sons and daughters go out to dedicate their lives to others as missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters.

Father Thomas Frederick Price serves as an example. Bishop Waters, of North Carolina, visited us recently, and together we examined Father Price's diary of his missionary labors. First in North Carolina, and then as a Maryknoller in China, where he died in 1919, Father Price selflessly worked for those outside the Church.

Thoughtful people everywhere are caught by the exalted beauty of the missionary figure, of every age and continent, who bids good-by to his own and preaches Christ.



A PHOTO STORY



JANUARY SUMMER

We have snow and cold this month, but the students of San Ambrosio College in Puno, Peru, have summer days for they are in the southern hemisphere.





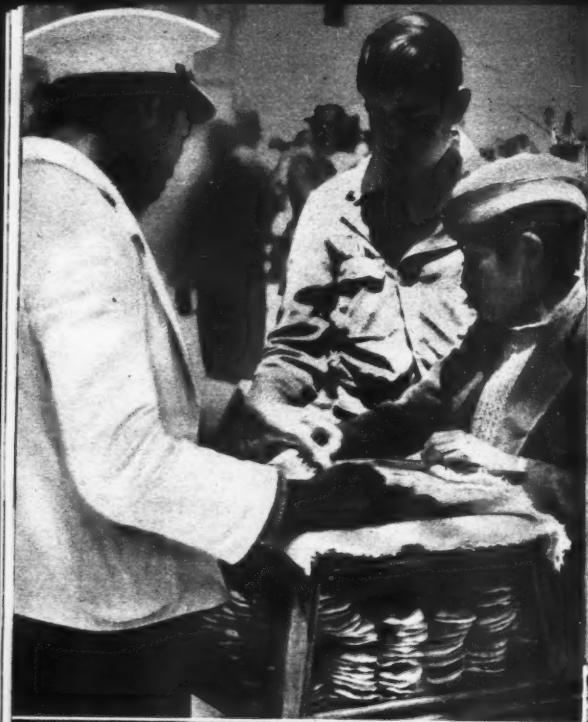
FAREWELL, SCHOOL DAYS! These smart-looking young Peruvians will now put away their berets and other articles of the prescribed school uniform. School sports, such as this boxing match that Father Connell of San Francisco is directing, will cease until the fall. That season, under the South American sun, commences in March or April, just about when the last ice is leaving the streams in the Maine or Minnesota woods. How strange, this topsy-turvy weather of the south! In consequence of it, in July and August, those of the south face the drudgery of school; and during December and January, while school keeps for us in the north, South Americans are at play.





Precious treat for youngsters of the mountains is a trip down to the sea with their Maryknoll teachers. Brother Alexis is a camp counselor. Here the boys fight the January heat by daily swims in the Pacific Ocean.





Of course most of San Ambrosio's boys spend the January summer in their mountain homes. Puno is on Lake Titicaca, the highest large body of water in the world. Even the summer sun is cooled by the fact that the city is two and a half miles above the level of the sea. The boys in the upper picture are buying sweet cakes. In the lower picture a group is walking with Father McConaughy of Pittsburgh. San Ambrosio is the only Catholic college in the highlands of southern Peru. The Maryknollers have conducted it since 1941.



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The Shoe Pinches!

TOO MUCH Foot in Too Little Shoe means overcrowding.

What can be done about it? We have tried cutting "holes," we have tried "stretching," to add room to our "shoe." We have tried to relieve the pressure by expansion. But, sad to say, the shoe still pinches!

There is only one answer. We need another "shoe" — an additional seminary, to provide for our ever-increasing number of future apostles.

Frankly, we lack the funds. But we already have the students (still more are applying!), and no space to house and train them, so we have begun to build at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, Illinois. By the grace of God, and with your help, we shall be able to construct

enough of the new seminary to house students next fall.

We need 400 Patrons, to provide 400 Memorial Units. A Unit represents the space needed by one student for studying, praying, eating, and sleeping. A Patron may be an individual, a family, a group, a club, a society — ANYONE!

What You Can Do:

1. Join the Brick-a-Month Club. Bricks, cement, labor, and so forth, must be provided for the construction.
Dues per month . . . \$1 or \$2
2. Give —
ONE SECTION OF A UNIT \$400
or
ONE COMPLETE UNIT . . . \$1,600
3. Give —
A stringless gift in any sum.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

DEAR FATHERS:

I (we) should like to become a Patron of the new Maryknoll seminary at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Enclosed is my (our) offering of \$.....

I (we) should like to join the Brick-a-Month Club. (I will send \$..... each month). Please send me a monthly reminder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

National Charity Director
Visits Maryknoll-in-Chile

From the BOTTOM UP

by Monsignor John O'Grady



RECENTLY I had the opportunity of celebrating Mass in one of the poorest parish churches in Santiago, Chile. About two hundred people, largely children, attended the Mass. I learned that about two hundred had attended each of the earlier Masses. These numbers may appear very small in a population of ten thousand, but they represent a ten-fold increase over the conditions of a year ago.

The parish in whose church I offered Mass was taken over by one of the Maryknoll Fathers, Reverend Francis J. Mulligan, about a year ago. The church at that time was in very bad repair, and for the Padre's house there was one small room and what was supposed to be a kitchen. There was no organization in the parish, and few persons in attendance at Mass when Father Mulligan came.

But Padre Mulligan seemed to have all the qualities necessary for a difficult task. When I first met him, he told me about the almost indescribable social and economic conditions of his people. I expressed the desire to spend some time visiting his parish, and he gladly accepted my offer.

I went to his rectory early one afternoon, and he accompanied me on my first visits. The worst homes were at the rear of those fronting on the street. The worst slums in American cities were palaces compared with them; they had no running water, no sewage, one outside toilet for a whole area. The houses looked as if they had been thrown up in the crudest sort of way — with adobe brick, a few tree branches, and straw thatch — by the people themselves. There were large numbers of children living in dirt and filth. In most of the families, both father and mother worked in a nearby tannery. The ordinary head of a family earned between seventy-five cents and a dollar a day.

After we had visited half a dozen families, the Padre felt that he should return to supervise some repair work in the church, and that I could continue my visitation. He suggested that I look into an old abandoned warehouse, in which I should find even worse living conditions. There were only three families living there then — one with six children; the other families had moved away some days before. The physical conditions of those families were most repulsive. One could not find worse conditions anywhere.

As I proceeded with my visitation, the picture became a little brighter. I came to one row of houses with sixteen tenants, and decided to visit every one of them. Here was the head of a family who was engaged in distributing a newspaper to the various newsstands. He made about a dollar a day. He had a wife and three young children. He paid four

dollars a month in rent for one room and a small kitchen. He paid about twenty-five cents a week for water, which he had to haul a considerable distance, and the same amount for electric light. He had to share one outside toilet and one showerbath with seven other families.

A widow with four children was maintaining her family by taking in laundry. She received some assistance from her fourteen-year-old boy. Two boys, fifteen and seventeen, were supporting their invalid parents and two younger children. There was no organized assistance of any kind in the area. What the Padre did in his limited way, was the nearest approach to it.

The cordial reception that I received on my visitation in one of the poorest sections in Santiago was really a reflection of the status that the young Maryknoll priest had built up over a year. One could easily see that the people had accepted him as a friend. His influence was evident everywhere, particularly among the young people. As we went around on the parish visitation, the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

This firsthand report on a Maryknoll parish in Chile was written by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John O'Grady, Ph.D., editor of the *Catholic Charities Review*. Monsignor O'Grady's acute powers of observation and his long association with social projects make this report especially valuable.

young people followed him.

One of the positive contributions that Padre Mulligan has made during his short ministry has been the establishment of a general clinic, which meets two days a week. The doctors and nurses are paid by a group of kindly disposed people who have become interested in the parish.

In the first meeting with my Maryknoll friend, I discussed with him the possibilities of leadership among the young people of his parish. He suggested that I meet with a group of boys after the eleven o'clock Mass the following Sunday. Eight boys, ranging from fifteen to eighteen years of age, attended the meeting. I questioned each one about what the organization was doing and expected to do. Here are some of the things in which they are interested.

They wanted a meeting place. The only place in which they could meet now was the Padre's small room. They believed they could secure a meeting place in the near future. They spoke of the open-air basket-ball court that was about ready. They had given some attention to the housing conditions in the area. They wanted the

Government to develop better housing. A beginning had been made with 350 Government houses in one section of their district. They were determined that all the agitation for improved social conditions in the district should not be left to the Communists. They wanted to bring more people into their circle, so that they might contribute more to the educational leadership of the workers in their area. They felt that the Padre had made a real contribution to the spiritual as well as the material development of their parish.

I could not fail to be impressed by these young men. They have a confidence in their own ability to think out and work out their own programs. They feel close to the Padre, and he feels close to them. The same is true of other young people of the parish. It is thus, and only thus, that the parish will grow in unity and strength.

And while the parish grows, the young Maryknoll missioner will also grow, in understanding and in confidence in his ability to build the type of organization that the Church in Chile so sorely needs.



War Veterans Build a Living Memorial

Rather than raise a cold shaft of stone to the memory of their war dead, Maryland's Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Post 706, of the Catholic War Veterans, plans to build a living memorial. This post, located in a Baltimore suburb, realized that too many monuments grow old and become eyesores. These veterans desired something different. They decided to educate a native seminarian for the priesthood. Ten percent of the net proceeds of all the post's social affairs will be set aside for their "Living Memorial Fund." Thus, the veterans know that, somewhere in the far reaches of the mission field, their "memorial" of flesh and blood will keep alive the memory of their war dead by his labors in the Vineyard of Christ.

Good-bye, Good Fingers!



DURING the past month, we have had three cases, here in Yungfu, of men who have suffered bad accidents to their hands as the result of Chinese curiosity.

One fellow, while walking near the railroad, picked up a little tube and started tinkering with it. Too late did he learn that it contained dynamite! When the injured man reached us, he was minus the thumb and two fingers on his chopstick hand. Father Keelan rose to the occasion, with the help of hot water, a tourniquet, and sulfanilimide.

"Now how shall I eat?" moaned the patient as he was leaving.

"Don't worry," we told him. "In no time at all, you'll be swinging the chopsticks with your left hand."

The next case was a man who found a hand grenade. He did not fare as well as his predecessor. The grenade was a remnant of Japanese occupation. It was potent enough to take away an entire hand, leaving torn flesh and protruding bones. The best we could do was to stop the bleeding, give enough sedative to ease the pain, and send the poor

by Irwin D. Nugent

fellow to the hospital in Kweilin. There an amputation was performed, just above the wrist.

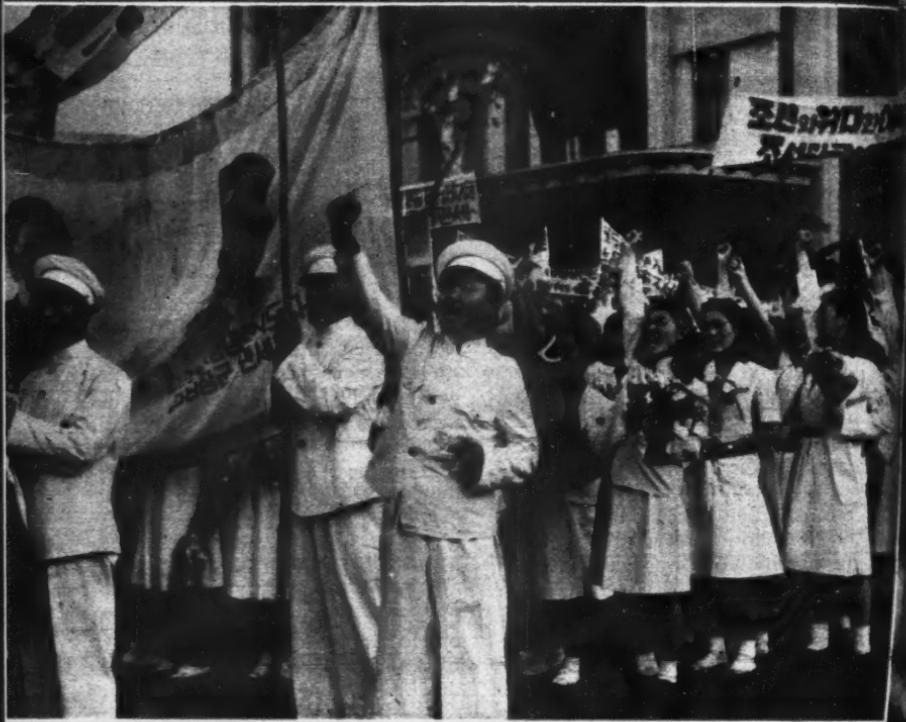
The third case arrived one night as the three Maryknollers sat at table. That man's two hands were in slings. He had a gun, and had found a bullet, so naturally the bullet had to be put into the gun. But apparently the bullet did not fit—for otherwise there would have been no burns on the man's face, no gashes on his left hand, and no bullet imbedded in a finger of the right hand.

Someone had applied native remedies, and it was quite a job to clear away the watermelon seeds, the blades of grass, and the strips of leaves. After all that stuff was washed off, we were able to work without much difficulty. The bullet was imbedded in the index finger, close to the palm of the hand, and we had to make a small incision to get the bullet out. All the while, a friend of the victim was offering suggestions, and occasionally spitting on the floor.

This third victim has been returning to the mission for occasional treatments. He has responded very well to the medications, and now bears only a slight scar.



Clenched Fists



THESE photographs were smuggled through to the American zone in Korea from Pengyang, a city in the Russian zone. Before the war, Pengyang was the center of the Maryknoll mission in Korea. We read of Russian advance in this area and are tempted to believe that Russian military force cows the civilian population into unwilling subjection. Unfortunately, this is not always true. Clever propaganda has won great numbers of the youth. There are clenched fists and a glint of hate in their eyes as these students participate in demonstrations — this hate embraces Christianity.



EDITORIAL:

The Nation and its Apostle

Historic Figure

The most important man in the history of every race and nation is its apostle. He is a man who is sent to the people by God Himself in order to relieve their spiritual needs and to confer on them the greatest of all spiritual blessings. Others may do great things for their people, and deserve well of their nation; every race has its noble sons who

have earned its undying gratitude for their services and sacrifices in its interests. But there is no gift comparable to the gift the apostle brings. There is no service to the race, however vital, that can ever equal his service in value. Nor is there any other contribution that is so deeply and universally treasured wherever there are true standards of appreciation. The apostle holds a unique place among all historic figures.

Archbishop

Cushing
of
Boston:



"The call to America to achieve her destiny by providing leaders in Christendom has found a responsive echo in your generous hearts. You love the Church, and you propose to give that love practical expression by bringing the Church to the ends of the earth. You love America, and you propose to do something practical about that love in the fulfillment of the spiritual vocation of America."

—Richard J. Cushing, D.D.

Foundations

The true history of a race does not consist so much in its external fortunes as in its inner development. Its political and economic struggles, its wars and migrations, enter deeply into the story of the race and leave their marks, sometimes indelible, on the lives of its people. But these events are, nevertheless, secondary to the spiritual drama of moral greatness and decline, of good and evil, that unfolds itself in the souls of the people. Time passes, men live and die, and nations come and go; but truth and goodness and moral beauty remain, to bless and strengthen those who partake of them.

Where these eternal values are found, a nation is great and its people are strong, whatever may be the material fortunes of either; and

where those values are absent, both nation and people, although they may bloom for a day in fancied security, are doomed to degeneration and decay. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (*Ps. cxxvi:1*). The wise architect who is instrumental in laying the spiritual foundations of a nation and in bringing spiritual salvation to its people, will forever remain its greatest benefactor. He is the author of its basic happiness and the founder of its true greatness.

Gift of Charity

The man who occupies this role in the life of any people is seldom one of themselves, but is usually a foreigner. The truth of Christ must come to every people from outside, and somebody who already possesses it must convey it. The difficulty incidental to the foreign character of the apostle is not inconsiderable, but it is secondary to the divine charity expressed in that very circumstance; and in any case, the difficulty is one that is readily surmounted. It does not matter where the missioner comes from, as long as God sends him. And as he is sent from God, so he is eventually received as coming from God; not, indeed, at first sight, but after much labor and sacrifice, and for that reason all the more surely.

No native son ever brought such blessings to Ireland as did Saint Patrick, nor is any so revered by its people. No German ever accom-

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missioners from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

plished so much for the German people as did the apostolic Saint Boniface, who was born in England. The name that will always hold first place in the hearts of the Catholic people of India is not an Indian name: it is the Basque name from distant Spain, which belonged to Saint Francis Xavier. In every nation the situation is the same, wherever the light of the Faith has penetrated. The deepest gratitude of all is reserved for the apostle who brings the knowledge and the love of God.

A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your beloved. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

HERE IN Chungsun, our two Chinese Sisters, with their energy, their zeal, and God's help, are accomplishing great things. Already these Sisters have brought back into the Church a near-by, fallen-away community.

Chungsun is still a new mission, and the Christians here

are not far removed from paganism. Most people still attribute sickness and death to occult forces. When some calamity strikes a new Christian family, pagan friends blame the calamity on the family's desertion of the traditional spirits for the new religion.

Sometimes the Christian family becomes so frightened at such talk that it gives up its religion. That was the case in the near-by village. The Number One family deserted the Church after the death of a son. Then several other families followed.

The two Chinese Sisters heard of the case and went to visit the village. They were rebuffed. Other visits followed, and were just as discouraging. But the Sisters would not give up. Gradually, their friendliness won the women of the village. The Sisters and women then joined forces, and the men could not withstand this two-fronted attack. Now the village is back in the fold.

Some day we hope to have a nice convent for our Sisters. Their pres-

by William M. O'Brien

Two of China's Daughters



ent home is a former carpenter's shed, used when this mission was being built. The floors are of good earth, but well pounded. The Sisters have transformed the shack. A paint concocted of lamp black and oil, their own invention, made the building clean and presentable. It is still not the best of residences, but our Sisters are not complaining.

We enjoy seeing the Sisters set forth on a mission trip. They have learned to ride two old wrecks of bicycles, fit only for the junk heap. They go pedaling away, with habits flying in the wind, and they are seemingly without a care in the world. I marvel at the indestructibility of the older Sister. She takes a bad spill on almost every trip, but it never seems to hurt her.

The Sisters now have a First Communion class in progress. It numbers twenty youngsters; and as they are all boys, the Sisters play ball with them, win them over, and expertly teach them. I take my hat off to these two daughters of China!



When Maryknollers first labored in Wuchow, the mission was known as the city of no conversions. Today both Wuchow and the Blue Cloud country show extraordinary interest, as these catechism classes prove.



by R. Russell Sprinkle

New DAY IN WUCHOW

Big doings these days in the button factory

YEARS AGO, so great was the hostility here in Wuchow and so strong were the superstitions of its people, that it became known as the city of no conversions. During the middle 1930's, while Father Tennien was here, successful work was done not far away, along the Tiger River, but the city itself remained barren.

Then came the war, and bombings, and charitable work. Catholics were among the refugees from Shanghai, Peking, and other cities of the north. Conditions began to change in the city. A house was purchased in a good quarter, and Father Tennien was able to start some catechumenates. The officials, although they gave no direct co-operation, began to show themselves less hostile.

The war soon hit the south, and refugees literally poured in from Canton and Hong Kong. The "outside" Catholics sought the mission; and a number of native Wuchow folk, influenced by the refugees' example, began to study the doctrine. Small though the number was it soon crowded our little chapel to capacity.

Finally came the day when a direct hit by a bomb brought the whole mission down in a heap. Much

has been said about the fact that one priest (your humble servant) was buried beneath the debris; but actually, the big news of that bombing was the fact that two priests, three Sisters, and some twenty people in the chapel, and fifty people in a dugout directly behind the chapel, all escaped without a scratch. Yet they all saw three quarters of the chapel collapse before their eyes!

Bishop Donaghy, Father Reilly, and Brother Albert were planning a new mission even as the merchants were hustling out of town. Finally the Japanese really arrived, and the missionaries holed up in the mountains north of Pingnam. Later Father Reilly and Brother Albert came down the river with the American troops, and they were able to save the Yunghui mission property from vandals, who swooped down on everything as the Japanese pulled out. Most of our missions suffered great damage from such vandals.

The Bishop and his missionaries organized many kinds of relief work in Wuchow and soon found themselves in daily collaboration with the Chinese in every part of the city. Before the war, such friendly relations were unthinkable. But hardly a year after the fall of Japan, a great

change had taken place in Wuchow. The officials were vitally interested in the Church and were loud in their praise of Catholic work in the city. They expressed themselves frankly at Rotary meetings, in the local newspapers, and in many private conferences.

In 1945, Bishop Donaghy started Sacred Heart School and it was immediately an outstanding success. The public officials now insist that the Bishop must make the institution not only the best school in Wuchow, or even in Kwangsi Province, but the top educational establishment in all South China!

The makeshift building used at present is an old button factory. The school has only eight hundred students, for the simple reason that no more can be jammed within its four walls. For a recent semester, there were over five hundred applications, most of which were accompanied by formidable letters of recommendation from officials, businessmen, and other influential personages of the region.

Operation of the school is not a

tremendous problem. Tuition fees, the highest in the city, cover the cost of the thirty teachers and the other expenses. The formidable problem that faces us is the erection of a proper building. Such a one would probably cost \$300,000 in American currency, and hence is completely out of our reach.

Schools are an absolute necessity in South China. In the University of Kweilin, the only one in Kwangsi Province (which has a population of fifteen million) over ten thousand prospective students take the examinations each semester, and only some three hundred can be accepted! There is a similar situation for every high school in the province.

With widespread ignorance in the province, is it any wonder that forerunners of communism have a field day throughout the countryside? The Communists spin beautiful yarns about the utopia that will come when communism gets control. They foment trouble with ease, since illiterate Chinese have great regard for persons who can read and write and who have traveled.

Caught with the Pigs and Rice

Out at Moon T'ong Village one night, a thief made off with two pigs and a sack of rice. He had used two long bamboo poles to gain an entrance.

He made good his escape. But the next morning he found the supposed victim at his own front door to settle matters. The stolen sack had a hole in it. As the thief wended his way homeward, he had left a small trail of rice behind him, right to his own door. Then, too, the bamboo poles that he had abandoned at the scene of the robbery proved to fit perfectly on two cut stumps in the grove in his own yard.

Anywhere else in the world, legal prosecution would have landed the culprit in jail. But not in our township of Paksha! The offended party merely demanded full payment for the goods taken.

—*Father Frederick J. Becka, of Cleveland, Ohio, now in South China*

Jungle WEDDING

by John McCabe

LONG before my arrival at Baturité, the jungle wireless had brought me news of a young Brazilian couple who wished to be wedded. They lived in the borderland area, which we Maryknollers of Bolivia take care of.

The story of this marriage is unusual. Several years ago, the groom came from the coast of Brazil, seeking the "black gold" of Bolivia, the rubber, which paid such a high price during the recent war. He brought his young wife with him, and they settled a few hours from Baturité, opened up trails to the scattered rubber trees, and worked hard in gathering the milk of the rubber tree and smoking the rubber into the large balls for shipment.

Their work was progressing, and money was being saved, when the wife had her first child. As usual, she was attended by neighbors, and unfortunately they knew little about difficult births. The young wife died, but the newborn babe lived.

The husband could not care for the child and continue his daily work. He asked his nearest neighbors to take the infant until such a time as he should be in a position to have it in his own home. With the generous love so common among isolated

dwellers in the jungle, those people accepted the motherless baby.

The neighbors' daughter, aged fourteen, devoted a great deal of time to making clothes for the infant, and performing all the tasks necessary for its well-being. Something over a year later, the widower, noticing the love the girl had for his child, requested her hand in marriage.

The administrator and his wife prepared as best they could for the ceremony. Above the table in the neatest room of the old-fashioned, wooden house was suspended the family crucifix, evidently an heirloom. Two silver candlesticks stood on the table itself. Two vases — basically tin cans, but ornately decorated with tin foil and colored paper — held bouquets of vivid jungle flowers.

The congratulations had barely ceased, when a faint crying was heard. Immediately the young bride of fifteen, arrayed in all her finery, rushed to take care of the baby, who could now call her mother.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Fried Chicken. Father Gorden Fritz of Newport, Minn., is faced with a culinary problem in Bolivia's jungle. "Fried chicken is unknown here in the jungle," Father Fritz writes. "I decided to remedy this situation and so instructed my cook, Dona Anna.

So far, three hens have felt the axe, but I have not tasted fried chicken. The first chicken waited so long between killing and frying that it went bad. The next chicken was lost in a wealth of flour so that we couldn't find the bird. The third chicken had the right proportion of flour but was dipped in oil, like a doughnut."



Father Fritz

Brotherly Love. An item based on Chinese tradition is furnished by Father Francis Murphy, of New York

City, from Tungan, China. "The Chinese character for oldest brother," he informs us, "is composed of characters for 'man' and 'mouth.' It represents one who speaks

with authority. When the parents die, it is the oldest brother who rules the household. Younger brothers are expected to obey. Recently we had an older brother enter the Church. Shortly after, his younger brother



Father Murphy

came and asked if he might become a Catholic. He said that his only living parent, his mother, was very old and would soon die. Then his older brother would invite the Catholic priest for the funeral. If he, the younger brother, should still be a pagan, he would not be able to participate."

Adopted Grandmother. Recently in New York City, Mrs. Mary Barry, mother of Maryknoll's Father Thomas Barry, received a letter from Tsu, Japan. It began, "Dear Grandmother," and it was from a recent convert of Father Tom's, Veronica Tokumari. In part, the letter said: "After the war, Japan has been ruined very much. People work and work all day long simply to live. They have no time to rest and comfort their souls. But among those people, I was fortunate, for I received the grace to know God . . . Father Barry always thinks of us instead of himself. For a long time Father Barry had only a cassock. But in the last few months he made some vestments. Since he built a new chapel, the first built in Japan since the war, his converts are increasing . . . Dear Grandmother, if you are well enough to make a voyage across the Pacific, please come to Japan where your dearest son is living."



Father Barry

Strictly Rural. It has been said that the faith of country people is much deeper than that of people who live in the city and who have every



Father Walker

opportunity to go to Mass and receive the sacraments. Recently, on a Sunday, Boston's Father Fred Walker arrived late at his out-station of Picingal, Chile. Before beginning Mass, Father asked if anyone wished to go to confession. To his surprise, forty men and women entered the box and later received Communion. It was almost twelve o'clock when Father began the Mass. His people had been fasting all morning to receive their Lord, and many of them still had a long walk ahead, to reach home. Father Walker reports great edification at the conduct of those simple farm folk.

Sorcerers Die. Down in Huchuetenango, Guatemala, Father Arthur Allie, of Two Rivers, Wis., was called to the local lock-up to shrive three Indians who were condemned to die. "They had been arrested," Father Allie writes, "because one of

their number, a sorcerer, had induced the others to murder an Indian woman. They ripped out her heart, and planned to sprinkle its blood over the fields, in order to get a good crop. I instructed those poor, ignorant men, and then gave them absolution, knowing that God understands these matters better than we do. Next morning the three prisoners were taken out and shot."

A Day's Work. The other day, over in Kowak, Africa, Father Joseph Brannigan climbed aboard a motorcycle and set out to visit the school at Wategi. At one spot he had to carry the motorcycle over a river. He reached Wategi on a market day, and found that school was not in session. Off Father went to Bumera. There, while visiting a native hut, he almost stepped on a green mamba, one of Africa's most deadly snakes. After a ten-minute battle, the lady of the household killed the snake with her spear. She gave Father a monkey to take home. "Thought I needed protection!" comments Father.



Father Brannigan

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.

KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Pung-Yang closed to Americans).

MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.

SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kong-moon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwai-ling; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

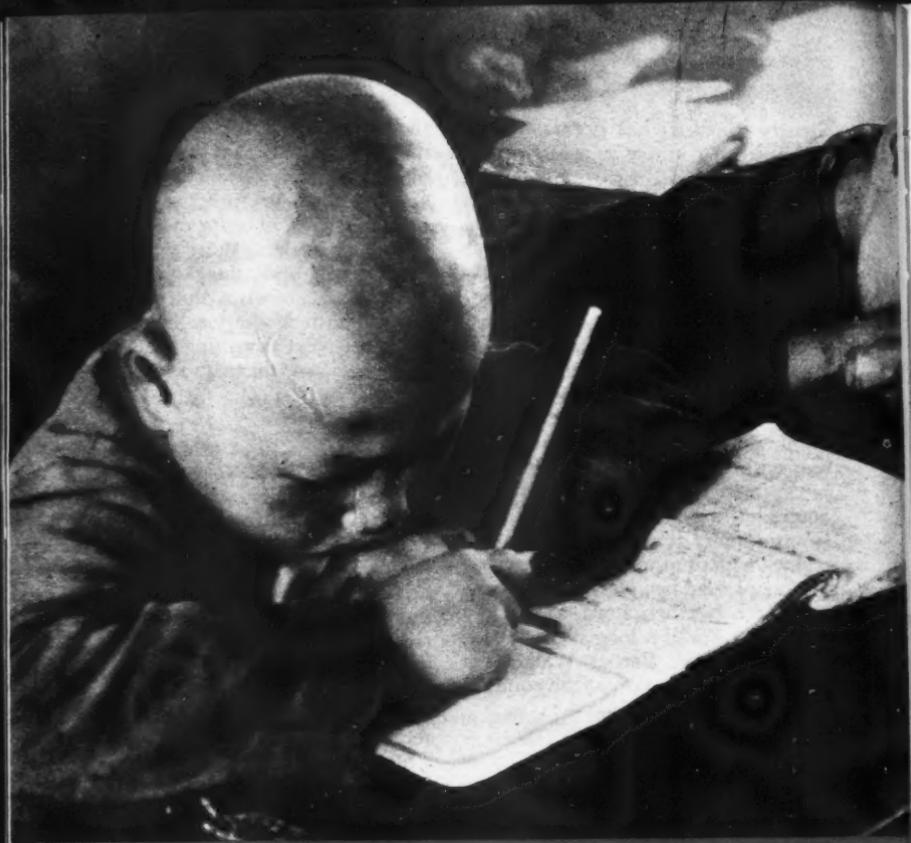
PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huchuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.



when A youngster learns

CHINA'S complicated system of writing produces many a heavy head. The American boy and girl have but twenty-six letters of the alphabet to learn; although there still remains a long, dreary road to be followed before he or she will be able to form the letters well, to put the right ones together in order to spell words, and to recognize

the letters formed into words as they appear in a book. But Chinese boys and girls have a still harder task.

The Chinese language has no single letters with which to form words. Instead, it has symbols or characters, each of which represents a syllable. These syllables are combined in intricate fashion, to express words and even phrases. To be able



平之心者
大入者不

to write

to read and write about the ordinary things of daily life, a Chinese youngster must memorize some three thousand characters.

The process of putting Chinese characters on paper is much more complex than our writing process is. Actually, Chinese writing is somewhat





like painting. Indeed, in China every piece of paper bearing the script of a great artist is prized almost as highly as are his paintings. This is because the Chinese see the expression of feeling and beauty in the inscribing of their language.

The Chinese writer chooses his brush with greatest care. He is very fussy about his ink,

which comes in small dry cakes. Then he is particular about how his ink cake is dampened — not too little water, not too much. When ready, he proceeds to paint the characters, starting in the upper, right-hand corner of his paper and moving column-wise down the sheet. He handles his brush as easily as we handle pen or pencil, and writes fully as fast as we write.



Sister hit the jack pot

Say It With Scrap Iron

DID YOU ever hear of a Sister who collected scrap iron? I know one who did. Sister Vera Marie teaches in a small country school in the West. One of her chief interests is to inspire in her pupils a deep love for the missions. By means of penny boxes, she sends regular contributions to the Holy Childhood. Several times a year, she sends a box of useful articles to some needy missioner. Recently I received a check for twenty-four dollars from Sister. The manner in which she collected this money is a story in itself.

One day two men came to Sister Vera Marie's school, looking for scrap iron that they might buy. Although there was no iron there at that time, the visit planted an idea in Sister's mind. She asked the men to return to the school within a week. Next day she told her pupils about the men. She remarked that perhaps the boys and girls had scrap iron at home; and she suggested that, if they would bring the metal in, it could be sold for the missions.



by Hugo M.
Gerbermann

"Our missionary spirit set to work," Sister reported later. "The boys knew of an old car engine down the road and asked permission to bring it in. Then they went to an abandoned oil well and brought a lot of scrap from there. They spied a long pipe in the grass and were given permission to cart it off. You should have seen them — ten boys dividing the weight of that pipe!"

"The place for miles around was cleared of scrap iron. We had over three thousand pounds. But then came the disappointment. The men did not return to pick up the iron.

"I began to pester my favorites in heaven. I begged the Holy Ghost to send the men to us. On Thursday I made an extra visit and said the *Memorare* as fervently as possible. Guess what! The father of one pupil came by and offered to take the scrap iron to Flatville, and sell it for us.

"Father, you don't know how happy I am to send you this money. The more I read the mission magazines, so much the more do I want to help the missioners."

AFIELD with the MARYKNOLL SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

January 6, 1949—the thirty-seventh milestone in the Maryknoll Sisters' missionary course. First, it was only a landmark; then, a hardy trail; later, a broadening path; and now, a well-beaten highway. Who among the pioneers of pump-and-lamp days would have envisioned the present global enterprise?

The pioneers never had time to speculate much about the future. As a rule, things were taken care of when they happened. Nor do the Sisters have much time now to reminisce about the past. There is never a comfortable slack season at Maryknoll. But a glance at the present is not out of place, even when all hands are busy in the task of getting the big world won to Christ.

The beginning of their thirty-eighth year finds almost a thousand Maryknoll Sisters located on four continents. Just a few months ago, three Sisters stepped off a Navy boat at Koror, in the Palau Islands, and opened their doors to the thousands of natives of the little island. The Sisters were the first to be stationed in Palau. Four others of their community made the long journey to the

so-called Dark Continent last autumn, to open a mission school. Eventually, the Maryknoll Sisters hope, they will establish a novitiate for native Sisters in British East Africa.

The Chinese missions — our first mission love — have added to their pre-war strength in personnel, although buildings and equipment are still woefully lacking. But pre-war numbers are more inadequate than ever; for misery has increased a thousandfold, and hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, and refugee work must be stepped up proportionately. At the same time, dazed China feels that paganism has failed her, that Christ alone can give her spiritual security. The eyes that turn to the Church must not be denied. Besides caring for the bodies of Chinese, we must instruct and encourage their minds and souls, and lead them to the Faith they long for.

Our Korea and Manchuria missions — once our most fruitful field of labor — are buried under the ice of forbidding communism. Yet the heroic service and suffering of native priests, Sisters, and faithful cannot

spell lasting death. The blood of martyrs shall once again fructify the seed of the Church.

Happily, in Japan, heart once proudly set against the Master who said, "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart," are turning eagerly to Christ now. The Maryknoll Sisters are bringing the little ones of their flourishing kindergarten at Nara to the Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not." They are guiding Japanese youths and adults in Catholic Action groups elsewhere. At Kyoto, the center of the Japanese silk industry, the Sisters have opened an industrial school, where vestment-making will offer a livelihood to workers and will, also, introduce Christian principles into the workers' way of life.

Hawaii, in spite of its "Pearl Harbor" memories, remains the paradise of the Pacific — the ideal field for inter-racial harmony and co-operation. Yet social and economic problems abound, and the Maryknoll Sisters are ever at grips with physical wants and spiritual needs. Their schools,

their catechism classes, their social-service work, direct thousands of Hawaiians to God and the better life.

In the Philippines, the Sisters face the problem of "plenty pupils, few equipments," as one of the pupils put it. But that problem is almost chronic in missions. The destitute war years make every improvement a seven-day marvel, the admiration of the whole countryside for miles around. The new St. Joseph's Hospital, opened in northern Negros last year, cannot replace the old St. Paul's in Manila. St. Paul's had a large nursing school, and also did extensive relief work among the poorest of the city; but its buildings and activities were completely obliterated by the war. The new hospital is a fresh start for the Sisters, in Philippine medical work.

In the land of manana, far south of the Rio Grande, there is no lackadaisical spirit among the thirty-nine *Madres de Maryknoll*. The Sisters teach school, ride horseback to make distant sick calls, care for lepers, and alleviate the ills and aches of thousands who come to their dispensaries.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



In the Bolivian jungle the hammock serves as ambulance to bring sick folk to the Maryknoll Sisters at the Riberalta Hospital. Below, Sister Rose Claire of Frenchville, Maine, makes friends with Indian lassies at Calacala.



The Devil Pokes Joey

by Bernard T. Welch

JOEY KOU, a Catholic schoolboy here in Fayong, has just learned a lesson in obedience. Unfortunately for Joey, the lesson came the hard way.

Joey's education began when the freight carrier poled his sampan into Fayong and announced that he had a "devil from the tenth level" for the mission, as part of his cargo. The "devil" was a small, war-surplus generator, which we had purchased to brighten up the mission plant. In this Chinese village, where a man is lucky if he can own a flashlight, electrical gadgets are a wonder.

Joey and his gang formed a parade to accompany the coolies who carried the generator to the mission. The event was important in Joey's life. No other school had "big flashlights" to study by at night. The generator was more wonderful than the atom bomb! So overcome was this Chinese lad by his enthusiasm that he felt an urge to touch the wires.

"Hands off, Joey!" I warned him. "If you disobey me, God will certainly punish you!"

When the hour for the testing of



the generator arrived, Joey was among the crowd that had gathered for a "look-see" at the strange "putt-putt." When the engine was turned on, I could not help smiling at the look of amazement on the boy's face.

Then I turned my back to the generator for a moment, to pick up a wrench. It was at that moment that the devil poked Joey! Temptation was too strong for the boy, and he reached out and touched the marvelous machine. Zing! The voltage shot through his small frame. Zing! The world began to whirl for Joey, and he shook a rhumba to the rhythm of a thousand revolutions per minute.

Yes, Joey learned the hard way, but he learned well. Now he has a great respect for authority and things invisible.

Just yesterday I heard him warn a schoolmate: "Ai ya, don't climb that tree! God can really burn you up if you disobey the priest."

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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

A Tabernacle for the chapel at Cholchol, Chile, is needed by Father Foody; it will cost \$100. A monstrance is needed for Father McLaughlin's mission at Paklau, China; it will cost \$80. Father McLaughlin says: "We have a film library for the whole area, and we should appreciate any kind of 16mm silent or sound film for the people, or money to purchase films."

The Bread and Wine for the Holy Sacrifice must be paid for, like everything else. Who will provide these essentials for one mission, for one year? The cost is \$30.

"There Isn't Any More!" Tragic words for a Maryknoll missioner to have to say to the lines of patient, helpless Chinese holding out their rice bowls! If you could see these people as our priests do, and realize their need, you would gladly make a sacrifice to supply their food. Give \$1—\$5—anything. But give!

Bishop Paschang, in Kongmoon, has two weighty problems for which he has no solution. The Chinese city of Toishan needs a hospital; the seminary needs \$1,000 for a science laboratory. Perhaps you can assist this Maryknoll missioner to solve one or other of his problems.

From Peru come two requests, for chapel furnishings and supplies. The first is for the San Juan mission church; the second is for the Maryknoll seminary. The sums needed — \$750 and \$250. Can you help?

From Chile, Father Bradley writes: "I consider this request superspecial. We have a mission clinic, but tuberculosis is so prevalent that the doctor says he is wasting his time unless we can buy cod-liver oil for the children. We have 296 children for a start. The cod-liver oil they need will cost \$60."

A Christmas Crib is requested by Father Sprinkle, for his church in Paksha, China. Cribs for the outmissions would be welcome, too. A Crib with twenty 12-inch figures costs \$50.

From China, Father Curran sends this list of needs: one set of Stations of the Cross, \$75; two statues, \$70 each; a monstrance, \$80. Will you help this missioner?

Any Donation will be a definite push toward the completion of Father Cowan's school at Portezuelo, Chile. Can you help?

Bargain Gift. A \$5 purchase of seeds, planted and cultivated in a missioner's garden, will produce \$50 worth of vegetables. Make a big gift for a little money!

From Your Clothing Budget — can you spare \$5? That sum will buy all the clothing needed for a student at a Maryknoll mission school in China.

Lifesaver! — iodine for cleansing wounds. In our Kweilin mission, in South China, \$5 for iodine may save a hundred useful lives. To give that much would be an act of memorable mercy.



MISSIONERS' REQUESTS

Father Fritz, Bolivia: orphanage for Indian children	\$1,000.00
Father Gallagher, Bolivia: outboard motorboat for mission trips.....	300.00
Father McNiff, Chile: a cow for industrial school	200.00
Father Sprinkle, China: Benediction cope, censer, monstrance.....	130.00
Brother Albert, China: power drill for industrial school.....	100.00
Father Connors, Guatemala: horse for missioner on sick calls	100.00
Father Foody, Chile: medicine for the poor	35.00
Father Carroll, Korea: 6 Mass missals, <i>each</i>	30.00
Father Lee, Mexico: catechist's monthly salary	15.00
Father Youker, China: church pews, <i>each</i>	10.00
Father Good, Africa: catechist's monthly salary	10.00
Bishop Donaghly, China: 1,000 rosaries, <i>each</i>20

Write for a free copy of our *Will* booklet or of our *Annuity* booklet

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK



OLI KAI — Song of the Sea — might be the title for this Hawaiian scene. Most people think of our "Forty-Ninth State" only in terms of hibiscus, lei, and pineapple. The missioner thinks of it in terms of people. Maryknollers are working in many of the island parishes.

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